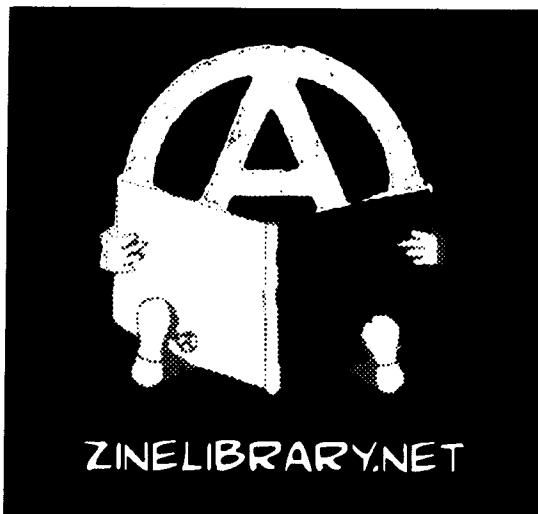


Overnight Shift

Vanessa Hays
 ibringdreams@hotmail.com

tell me what you
 think!



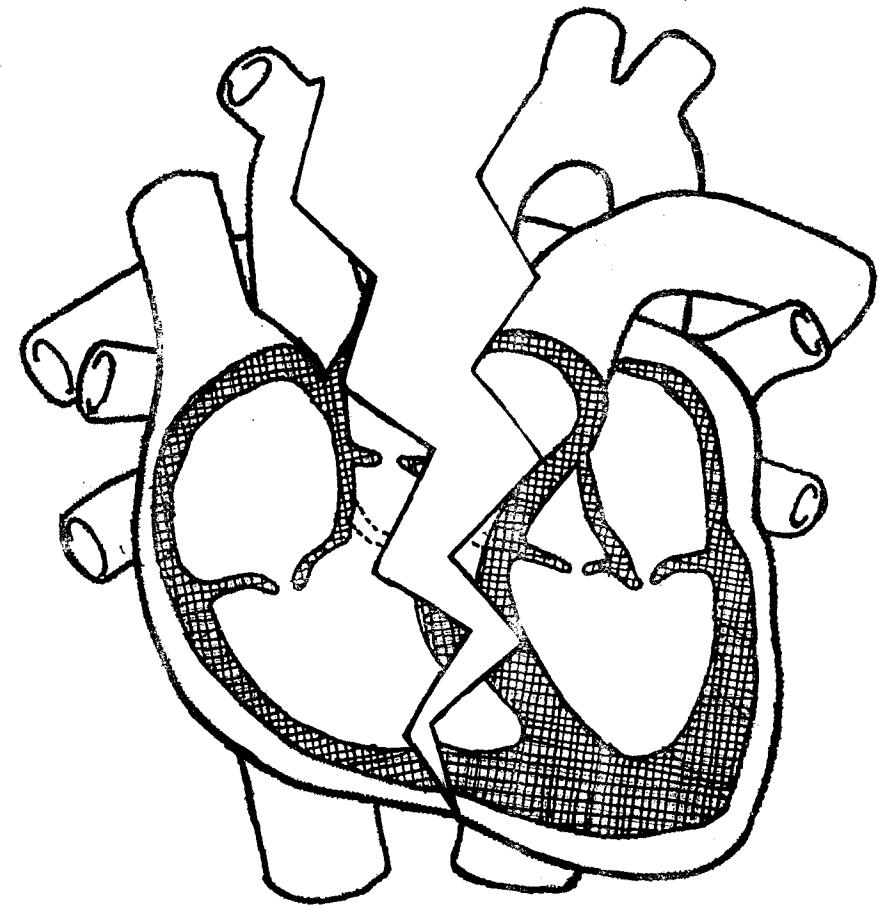
Belinda, me... (queer as fuck dance party photo booth.) + Aryenish.

6pm July 30th → 1pm July 31st

- 2005 -

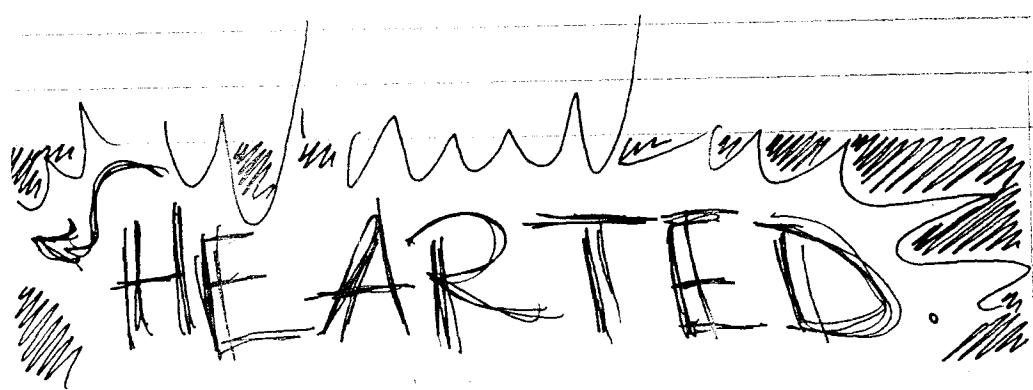


I work at a domestic violence shelter. In case it didn't occur to you, this fact is freaking awesome. The only crappy part is that every other weekend I work a 19 hour overnight shift. This leaves me with a lot of time on my hands, assuming that everything's quiet on the crisis line and in the house. If I was still in school, I would do my homework. As it stands, I've graduated and have already read for 5 hours tonight. I'm going to compile some random thoughts and images into a small zine in the course of the evening and give it away in the morning. Maybe I'll do this on every shift.



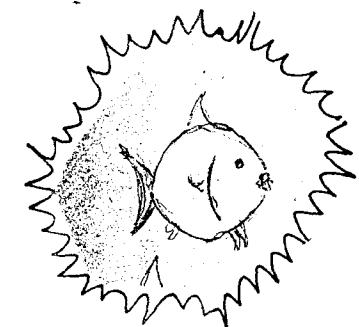
This is the design for the tattoo I'm getting on my chest for my birthday. If my heart ever stops being broken, I'll get some fat black stitches across the opening. I'm getting it done by a dyke at Black + Blue Tattoo in San Francisco. It will be the best birthday ever.

summer : "A summer to remember, a boy to forget." It's cute. However, all of these things have conspired to make me feel totally like losing my mind. I have some old issues that I've never really dealt with and some new issues that I don't know where to start on. I never thought of myself as particularly fucked up - I thought I was basically normal and healthy - but no. Now, on top of body issues and fear of abandonment, I've got a new fear of intimacy. It's really crappy! So, basically, I'm totally sad all the time. I'm healing from specific situations and circumstances, but I'm still trying to take in the entire breathtaking landscape of fucked up emotional problems and personal issues. It's leaving me feeling pretty inept.



things I've done in the last week:

- written 2 embarrassingly heartfelt loveist letters to two different people.
- started my period.
- decided to stay single til next spring but still tried to get some play.
- laughed till I cried more than once.
- cried myself to sleep more than once.
- realized that some things only belong in my private journal.
- asked strangers if I was an ass hole.
- made a zine!



IF I ASK BEFORE I HIT YOU, IS IT STILL DOMESTIC VIOLENCE?

... a short essay on kink...

As I mentioned, I work in a domestic violence shelter. This has caused me to be in contact with some rather uncomfortable and unsettling facts of current civilization; namely, that lots of people do horrible things to one another. I've struggled off and on with being a kinky person, which has included feeling some major shame, guilt, and remorse for doing terrible things that people ask me to do or for asking others to do terrible things to me. I thought that maybe I had dealt with a lot of this stuff, but then came the woman with a newborn baby whose batterer had held a knife to her throat for an hour while her 5-year-old son begged for her life. Only hours before she came into my life, I had held a knife to the throat of a boy whom I thought was pretty sexy and threatened to do awful things to his soft places if he didn't do what I told him to. We hadn't expressly negotiated this

I'm not really sure when I got so sad. My partner of 3 years broke up with me to pursue Christianity in February, I fell in love with one of my closest friends who insists on not being in love with me, my best friend forever wifey is just as broken as I am which prevents us from being an actual couple but lets everyone think we are, I'm currently homeless after losing the home that I loved to a greedy landlord, I owe a bunch of people money after being unemployed all year, and I graduated college and don't know what to do with myself. Basically, my entire life has changed in the last 6 months. Oh, I forgot the ex that I should never have broken up with who I miss terribly and can't seem to stay in contact with and the cute girl who's seeing someone but likes to kiss me. Hey, things are so horrible and wonderful that I can't really keep up anymore. I'm calling

W W W W W
BROKEN

on her way before

I read fat! So?

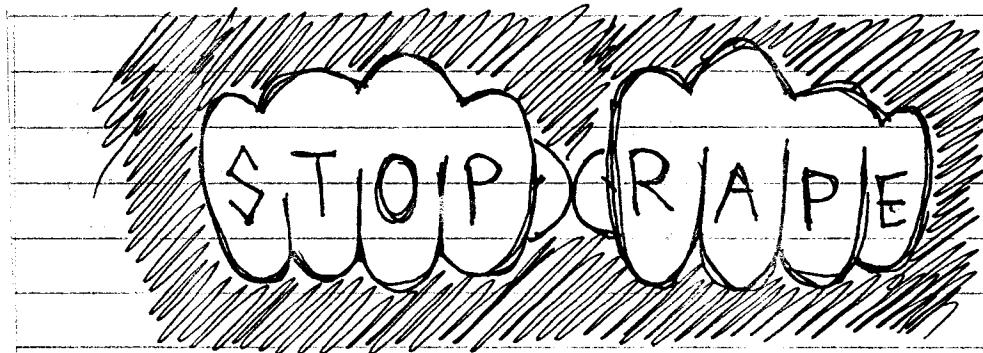
The similarity
is a
coincidence.



A.
mermaid
from my
sketchbook.

(1)

interaction, but it was consensual and we both enjoyed it. However, as I wrote down the details of this woman's ordeal, I began to feel like a scumbag, a monster, a freak... a batterer. I checked in with my friend to make sure that I hadn't done anything he was uncomfortable with and to let him know what was going on in my head. So far, everything's fine in that arena. However, I'm a little afraid that the most excellent job I've ever had will ruin my sex life. I need to discuss this with other kinky people. Please help! Call me, write me, stop me on the street. We all need to be having the discussion of what's consensual and what isn't. I need to know I'm not the only one who wants to hurt the ones they love when those loved ones want to be hurt.



(4)

Z IS FOR HUZZAH!

I love these lascious ladies. They came from the Fat!So? zine book thing. I think the idea for the zine was a great one, but I must say it was a little feel-goody for my tastes. It wasn't militant. There was a lot of "fat people can have fun, too!" panting going on - lots of put downs related to body size (of all things!), intelligence, economic status, education level, appearance... it basically wasn't very radical. Some of the folks the author listed were Norman Schwarzkopf and Howard Taft. Yes, they were fat. No, they did nothing to make the world a better place. There was a lot of talk about how big bodies are better. There were some body positivity exercises that would



Short Review of What I'm Currently Reading:

Fat!So? by Marilyn Wann

probably be pretty helpful to someone who is new to this whole fat-positive thing. Basically, it was fat liberation 101, which is all fine and good, but not what I really need right now. In fact, all the talk about how even fat ladies can look sexy and feminine made me feel kind of bad about myself. And now that I think of it, these drawings are pretty gender stereotyped. Sigh.

I don't know if I'll ever find anyone who thinks the way I do about this stuff.



3½ of 5 hearts.

